



"THESE ARE MY JEWELS."

CORNELIA, MOTHER OF THE GRACCHI.



"I AM TIRED OF DISCUSSING HOUSEHOLD MATTERS; THERE IS NO WORSE  
THING THAN FOR WOMEN TO SIT DAY AFTER DAY TAKING CARE OF MISERABLE  
SICKLY, PULING CHILDREN."

SEE REPORT OF PUBLIC MEETING N.Y. CITY.





"NOW WISH!"—[DRAWN BY S. WOOLFE.]

## PARIS GOSSIP.

WHAT events we have gone through, good Heaven, since I last wrote! Here is an unfortunate discovery in gossip about half a dozen, or so, in the midst of such a crisis! First of all, we have had a revolution; for a parliamentary government has replaced the personal regime. Things seemed to be going on swimmingly, when the news burst upon Paris like a thunder-clap that a member of the Imperial family had been arrested for shooting a young journalist. This came the funeral of the victim, attended by a hundred thousand spectators whom Richelieu had invited in order to put an end to the Empire. It must be confessed that Napoleon III. has had a narrow escape; for had a single drop of blood been shed, no one knows what might have happened. People are calmer now, but all Paris continues to talk about the *doomed tragedy*, and I must say that, in general, public opinion is against *Pierre Bonaparte*.

This event has made a deep impression on the Emperor, who is somewhat discouraged by an insurrection a prodigy to the new liberal programme. Rumor had even falsely reported that she had expressed the intention of reducing the number of her *ducs d'Alençon*, of giving three *comptesses*, etc., etc. Those who yesterday accused her of extravagance were already beginning to repent against her reproaches of the London papers against the unaccountable widow of Prince Albert. The fact is that a queen or an empress has no right to be sad—like actors, who

are paid to weep the while, they must forget their own feelings, or rather pretend to forget them, whatever cause they may have to grieve, and continue to perform the part which they have assumed to play. There is no danger, as yet, of her Majesty failing to fulfill her duties; for she looked very brightly at the first great ball of the season, on Wednesday (January 28), and found a gracious word for all the guests. The well-informed *Globe* says she has grown "younger and more charming," and the writer adds that it requires some courage to prevent this truth, as the compliment will be considered equal to an avowal that "he belongs to the police." At twelve o'clock the Emperor went through the salons, and as soon as the Imperial household disappeared, there was a rush toward the *opera-house*—a rush so formidable that it explains the necessity of so many *red-roses* to watch over the security of the wine-bottles. At two o'clock all the *cabolles* and *circulantes* had vanished. You may fancy that some of the victims must have been hungry and thirsty when I inform you that they consumed 300 bottles of Champagne; 100 bottles of Bordeaux; 200 dms of *Madère*; 1200 gallons of soup; 200 dms of *red-curry*; 200 dms of *white chocolate*; 3000 lbs; 1200 gallons of punch; 200 dms of *tea*; 3000 cakes; 200 pms; 1200 pounds of meat; 200 dozens 50 *plum-cakes*; 100 *partridges*; 12 *lamb*. But I must stop, in order not to make your reader's mouth water. I only give you one-half of the bill of fare. Economy is the order of the day; nevertheless, you see that Louis Napoleon's motive

didn't is not obliged to starve those who accept an invitation to the *salons*.

At any rate, the official world is not depending for the reception of all the new Ministers were severely reviewed. The first great dinner given by M. Cherwell, the successor of Baron Haussmann, was also a very brilliant affair. All the Ministers except *Emile Ollivier* were present. Among the eighty guests I may mention the American *ambassadors*, *Dur* and *Duchesse* *De* *Frederic*, *Mercy* and *Baron* *De* *Chaussegny*, *Land*, *Comte* and *Comte* *De* *Lozard*, *Comte* *De* *Lozard*, *Comte* *De* *Lozard* and his charming wife. There was dancing this time, and before twelve o'clock the company had taken leave.

The same day (Saturday, January 22) *Gustave* *Comte* *De* *Stachenberg* also gave a *dinner* at the *Hotel* *Embaras*. *Dur* and *Duchesse* *De* *Frederic*, *Land*, *Comte* and *Comte* *De* *Lozard* were present, together with half a dozen *Barbichons*.

*Leve* *Hollis*—who, by-the-by, has refused to plead for the *Nord* *Prussia* in *captivity* law; but the famous *democrat*, *green* *coat* and *old*, does not seem inclined to resume an active political life, although he may allow himself to be named deputy at the next session in an anti-imperialist district. He will probably soon have an opportunity of presenting himself to a *Parliamentary* for our mutual parish. *Hollis* is very ill. The same old *republican* resides in a handsome *chateau* at a short distance from the capital; but he only receives a few intimate

friends, as he generally considers a stranger who presents himself must be a spy. He has made an immense fortune by the sale of champagne corks and other drugs. He publishes every year from 80,000 to 100,000 copies of his medical almanac, which, according to the preface, ought to render the presence of a medical man useless. "Ready my hands, I have my prescriptions," says *Hollis*, "and do not call a physician—doctors kill more patients than they cure." Nothing like *hush*, of course. However it appears that, personally, *Hollis* does not place too much reliance in his own creative powers, since the *salon* of his health lately published bear the signature of three members of the *Imperial* family, including that of *Dr. Hollis*.

*Timothée* *Vin*, who *Leo* *Lapin*, the celebrated *obscure* of the *Moniteur*, is not dead or dying, but he has been sadly frightened out of his life. He lives on the *Quai* *Vendôme*, where he often delights his admirers by appearing on his balcony attired in a gorgeous dressing gown which hides the three gold chains which decorate his waistcoat. Well, a few days ago an old *gentleman* who resides in the same house departed from this world. The undertaker hung the usual black *drapery* over the gateway while *Timothée* was copying one of his instructive *improvements* in *articles* in some *foreign* *encyclopaedia*. The *carriage*, or *door-knocker*, happened to be on, so to say, when he told the *entire* *heavenly* whether the deceased was not the popular *gentleman*. No people began ringing at the door of the

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## A JOURNEY DUE NORTH.



Mr. Bink, having disguised himself as an Esquimaux, undertakes an Overland Journey to the Arctic Regions.



He does not create upon the Esquimaux the anticipated among the Algonquins, but one of the Nations immediately attention him.



From mother, though, he gets a very Cordial Reception indeed.



Still crying on his wild career, he at last reaches the Frozen Fennels of the North Pole. (Please observe the Seal in the background.)



Having been to enter a long of Triumph, he is not surprised at all over! (Doubtless, through many years, he becomes homeless. (This, his common cry, he was before he started.)



He returns, however, but himself on his way. Four-Fennels, with the Red-Clothes on the Floor.



BETTER AWKWARD.  
HARRISON YOUNG BACCHUS (singing out), "Wah, Master Fred, you don't know who I am!"  
THE LARDED YOUNG HERRICK: "Oh, but I do, though! You're the Chap His eyes would be such a Good Catch for our May!"  
[Tollows.]

## FACETIE.

"Buy a truck, Pa," said a doctee,  
"and why should I buy a truck?" rejoined Pa.  
"Why, to get your clothes in," was the reply.  
"And go back?" continued Pa. "Not a bit of it."

## A DIGNIFIED COMPLIMENT.

"How do you like the looks of the varnish?" asked an Assistant of a Brown-Shoe, who was paring with stunted eyes at an assistant, with open jaws, in the back of the Manicure.

"Wah," responded the Taster, reverting his several operations, "no, it's what you call a hand, some color, but he's a lot of specimen when he smiles."

THREE HALLS.—An observer of human nature reports that he has seen some people possessing the peculiarity of seven hands: a right hand, a left hand, and a little behind hand.

A PROVERBIAL QUESTION.—At a concert recently, at the conclusion of the song, "There's a Good Young Country," a father got up and exclaimed, "Mother, you could not tell us the date, could you?"

FROM THE TRAMWAY.—The very kind woman who had been put across the railway windows, to prevent the children, says that she does not know these fellow-men.

QUITE RIGHT.—An avowed contemporary relates that one of the persons which rule the world of dress considered a fashion description of attire with this remark: "With this costume the mouth is more slightly up." For all reason! A dressing house has made up in keeping with the theory of some customers. If we had in America the London Board, we should say, "Why this fashion the forehead is worn narrow and receding."

LETTERS FROM THE CRYSTAL.—Our own correspondent, who has just returned from France, where he has been spending some time among the Arabs, says that the native chiefs are no great fiddlers. (These propositions seriously-shake.)



"EVIL COMMUNICATIONS," ETC.  
EYES OF THEM. "It's very vulgar to say 'You be Bleeped' to each other, like those Men do. Isn't it, Uncle Fred?"  
EYES OF THEM. "I believe it is generally considered as, 'You Bleeped'."  
EYES OF THEM. "No indeed! Bleeped and it you know, no always say 'You be Bleeped'!"

A wild idea of the weakness of chicken-soup was conveyed in a warty query to his wife at dinner: "Can't you ever find children to walk through the soup once more?"

ANYONE VIEW OR CL.—The relatives of a lady of high rank, who recently visited in society, attempted to convert the wedding on the place of honors. They asked: "Can it have been decided that cannot expect that it was a proof of the greatest reality that she put off the end with the age when, in all probability, it could not be an ordinary reality?"

The old gentleman whose memory caused him a long way back is requested to return to his dinner-table friends.

REALLY WAS FROM LAST THINGS OCT.—The street lamp.

BE THE FINE.—A correspondent of a paper having described the child in a child's room, the child repeated the remark, "There's no! it is confused to be said." From the moment we read of the damage done by the foundation of the Nin, we should think the lightning would wish that ever had been too small to die.

SOON FOR A DEAR FRIEND.—"Come back to me."

Why do I have to find a comfortable life?—Because they take things easy.

When is love defamed?—When it is all on one side.

A drunken man, who had slipped down, thought it singular that water always frolics with the shipwreck side up.

When are babies hard up?—When they know bread.

Why do gentlemen who make more money put hats?—Because they want to escape.

BEET FLIES IN A BEET RUN ROOM.—The balcony.

Was that person in a starchy mood who hated a friend?

Who is the largest man?—The lover; he is a man of immensities.

FOUR PLACES.—Eyes and Visions.

A TALKER WAS HEARD FROM.—No matter need you be out of equipment, for he was always glad his talk.

WETTEREDAL FORTITUDE.—Hudson going to dine with his club.

When a cat slips, does she do it on her paw?

Speaking of the balloon, a Nevada paper says: "Pneumatics, with a little more attached, cost a dollar." He shuddered in childhood.

TEARS IN THE CORN.—A good apple.

A London hat manufacturer claims for himself the title of "General Bumpkin." Indeed, he says, he has hit for every one.

A GRAY TRAM.—A mother and children.

As a new sight was walked off the bridge into the River, and upon being rudely carried was "dissatisfied" glad he didn't lose his coat and neck.

GENERAL COVER.—Waiting on three or four girls at the same time.

DEERS OF THE CHAIRS.—Love and adoration.

What is the greatest want of the age?—Want of faith.

THE MOTHER OF THE LITERARY.—The mouth.

**HARPER'S BAZAR.**  
A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

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### Crochet Pattern

[illegible][illegible]

Fig. 1.—DRESS OF GREEN SATIN-FACED  
SILK FOR GIRL FROM 14 TO 16.

Fig. 3.—Dense or Dark Form  
from 11 to 14.

Fig. 5.—DRAIN OF GRAY SEDGE FOR GULLS  
FROM 12 TO 15.—DRAIN — SEE FIG. 4

Fig. 4.—Diet of Bull Man.

Fig. 2.—DRESS OF GRAY SUEDE FOR GUN

# Mouchoir Case in Point Lace Embroidery, Figs. 1 and 2.

These mouchoir cases are of blue silk, the upper part is covered with white muslin, in which is set a design of point lace embroidery, worked with gold cord. The manner of working this kind of embroidery may be seen in the Supplement to the last Number of *Harper's Bazar*, which also gave an alphabet worked in the manner in which the letters on the mouchoir case are embroidered. The embroidery may be worked on the stuff in the manner described in the Supplement just mentioned, or it may be worked without an underlayer, and can then be inserted in the material by means of fine button-hole stitches, which are worked through the edges of the cord. The mouchoir case consists of two flat sections, one smaller and larger one of which is nine inches wide and twelve inches long, and is made



Fig. 1.—MOUCHOIR CASE WITH POINT LACE EMBROIDERY.



Fig. 2.—NETTED GIMPES SYSTEM.

of blue silk lined with perforated wadding quilted in diamonds, and finished on the edges with a row of blue satin silk and one inch wide. This center is headed with a cord of blue silk and olive threads. The upper and smaller finished section is seven inches wide and two inches long, and is finished on the edges with a row of blue satin silk of an inch wide, falling over point lace edging an inch wide. Rows of blue satin ribbons join the two sections.

# Squares in Netted Gimpes, Figs. 1 and 2.

These squares are used for trimming bonnets, cravats, lapel-bowties, etc., by working them into the material with button-hole stitch; around such squares may also be set regularly for covering table-clothings or pin-cushions, or they may be joined with larger squares for covers, vest-pieces, etc. The squares are worked with rather coarse thread in straight needle, and are then embroidered in the different netted gimpes stitches already mentioned to our readers.

# Two Medallions in Satin Stitch, Figs. 1 and 2.

These medallions were for trimming little bonnets, neck-ties, letter-cases, note-books, etc. For the foundation take either velvet, satin, silk, or cambric, and work the embroidery in satin stitch with silk twist.



Fig. 1.—MARCH SAFE IN THE FORM OF A FOOTSTOOL.—OPEN.



Fig. 2.—MARCH SAFE IN THE FORM OF A FOOTSTOOL.—CLOSED.

of cork. Bind the upper edge of the box with a narrow strip of leather of the same color. For the cover of the safe take a box-lid of the requisite size, line it on the inside with silver paper, cover the outside with red velvet, wax, and press as usual. Then bring the cover on the box by means of a piece of lead or silk ribbon, which is glued on the inside, and glue some sand-paper on the bottom of the box.

Suit for Girl from 6 to 8 Years old.

Yarn worked silk consists of a skirt and jacket of violet velvet, trimmed with narrow strips of ivory lace.

The short tight jacket is confined by a belt around the waist, and finished on the back with a belt of green grass, or of the material of the jacket. The white-cashmere hood is trimmed with a low-crowned mark of cashmere ornamented with narrow velvet ribbon. The lower are of wide velvet ribbon.

Fishes Hood for Girl from 8 to 10 Years old.

This hood is particularly desirable, as it protects not only the head but also the neck and chest. It is of red cashmere, lined with light wadding, furnished with a series of black velvet, and trimmed on the edges with black velvet ribbon. The long ends of the fish-like collar are crossed in front and tied behind, as shown by the illustration.

Silk and Velvet Walking Dress, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustration on page 181.

This walking suit consists of a dress of violet silk, the skirt which is trimmed with three lace-pleated flowers, and a tunic of black velvet, joined with the high vest, trimmed on adjacent corners. The waist is laced in the middle of the back and held over in a series, and is trimmed with violet silk in front. The high waist is also of velvet. The fronts, as well as the sides of the different pieces of the garment, are all trimmed with silk, as shown by the illustration. The fronts are also trimmed with black velvet buttons. The belt is of black velvet trimmed with ivory lace and a long tight veil.

Suit for Girl from 6 to 8 Years old.

In different bright colors. It may also be worked in light and dark shades of silk twist of the color of the foundation.

# Crochet Neckerchief for Taiting, etc.

MATERIALS: One gold head, fine round gold cord, red silk twist, red silk, red silk elastic cord, a wide-brimmed hat, a cap, a head.

This neckerchief, which is especially designed to hold taiting, has a cover which is crocheted over the gold head with red silk twist. First cut the point-hood for the under half six pieces each three inches and a quarter long, and for the upper half six pieces each two inches and a half long; each of these pieces must be set on each side on one side, sloping to a point on the other. First cover these pieces on both sides with paper wadding, and then join the six pieces designed for the under part by means of elegant stitches in the manner shown by the illustration. Join the pieces designed for the cover in the same manner, then join both halves of the neckerchief with red silk, which must be entirely plain on the outer edges of each half and gathered closely at the points. Over this arrange the crocheted cover. Begin the cover for each half with a foundation of 160 stitches, join these in a round, and on these work over the foundation of the gold head single crochet in the round, the following to be made the corner the shape of the neckerchief. The last round must bring the work to a point. Having fastened the finished covering on the point-hood parts, see six round cords on each piece



Fig. 2.—DESIGN OF POINT LACE EMBROIDERY FOR MOUCHOIR CASE.—(See also *Harper's Bazar*, No. 11, Vol. III, Supplement, Fig. 6.)



FIG. 1.—EVENING DRESS WITH COURT TRAIN.—FRONT.  
For pattern of skirt see Harper's Bazar, No. 7, Vol. III, Supplement, No. 1, Figs. 1-5.

wide. The train, which also forms the train, is trimmed correspondingly. As shown by the illustration, the train may be looped up behind so as to make a walking dress. The high waist is trimmed with a series of velvet and with velvet of the material of the dress. The front and back of the bodice are laid over in imitation of a revers, and trimmed with velvet. Cut the skirt from the pattern belonging to *Gilette*, *Podia*, *Drum*, *Revue's*, *Harper*, Vol. III, No. 2; the skirt is cut from Figs. 1-4, and the train from Figs. 2-4, Supplement, of the respective lengths. Round the under corners of the train as shown by the illustration.

#### PARIS GOSSIP.

**SURETY** Paris is a strange city. While the friends of Coeur de Harcourt were stopping back-rooms, cafés, and other establishments belonging to a certain doctoreen company—while the "palatial houses" (so we M. Emile Olivier's expression) were raising their banners with these public correspondents, and gentlemen were dining at the ball of the *Musée de la Marine*, I must add, however, that the said "houses" were mostly frequented by bourgeois revolutionists, who probably ran away at the first glimpse of an armed devil's sword. The friends of the first week of February (the week ended



FIG. 2.—EVENING DRESS WITH COURT TRAIN.—BACK.  
For pattern of skirt see Harper's Bazar, No. 1, Vol. III, Supplement, No. 1, Figs. 1-5.

#### Evening Dress with Court Train, Figs. 1 and 2.

Trim dress, Figs. 1 and 2, is of face-colored poplin; the under-stuff is trimmed around the bottom with a gathered former fourteen inches wide, loaded with black velvet ribbon, three inches wide. Above the velvet is arranged an opened ruffle two inches

as real apprehension; and in his Embassy of the Navy Department had heard of the pretty faces of the official world, it is no wonder that he had met of so gaily.

Here allow me to open a parenthesis to a group of an incident which occurred at this time. Madame De B. the charming wife of a good natured, but more ferocious-looking, colonel of a cavalry regiment, had imprisoned her tiny son in a pair of tight shoes—two high-heeled, thin, sharp of curves, which Madame Camille herself had declared worthy of accompanying the dress she had composed for her fair client. I drew my Madame Camille was right—well, small as are the lady's feet, she soon began to feel that the shoes were smaller. She at first entered the pain with smiling fortitude; but the torture at last became unbearable, and the sufferer actually managed to disengage her left foot, the cause of the pain remaining under her nails to be mounted at the first favorable opportunity. A youthful admirer, fresh from college, and from whose recovery time had not passed a pretty nursery story concerning Cinderella's slippers, at once dropped his handkerchief, stooped down, picked up the blue treasure, and placed it within his mistress's close to his heart. For once being touched by this proof of affection, the countess quietly said: "My dear son, I think you ought to have the pain. There is my husband, Colonel De B., at the door. Go and ask him for one of his boots."

The unfortunate documents at once dropped the shoe at the foot of his lady's bed and disappeared, without waiting to inquire whether a royal match with the curule officer's boot.

This true story, however, has a double moral, one for each sex. First, it shows that civilized ladies ought not to follow the whimsical customs of their Chinese sisters; second, that young men had better leave Cinderella's slippers alone, especially if Cinderella has asked it into her hand to marry a bold fellow.

M. Chevreton seems quite determined to show himself to be capable to do the excellent duty. He has, however, on Monday he wrote another dress ordered by a ball. Did the last reception still be solemn to the splendid *force* which are seen to take place in the rich salons of the *Hotel de Ville*. For the 14th a grand ball is announced, at which the last scenes of the *Théâtre Français* will perform several short

comedies. This is an excellent innovation, so it gives the dancers time to rest. I must say that the crowd at these crowded balls is far from agreeable, and the time one is condemned to spend on leaving in order to get back a cloak or a great coat spoils the pleasure of the evening.

On the 17th many ballrooms of Paris were cleared up leaving the noise of a catanade in the dances. They favored the



FIG. 1.—BLACK AND VELVET WALKING DRESS.—FRONT.



FIG. 2.—BLACK AND VELVET WALKING DRESS.—BACK.









WORSHIPING THE IDOL.—FROM A SKETCH BY THOMAS WOOD.—[SEE PAGE 215.]

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ARTS CHURCH.—(DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD, FROM A SKETCH BY W. D. MORGAN.)

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self in a shaft, leaned out to watch the noon, and try and get sleep, for I was saying that but happy as sleepily dropped.

The moon was at her full, and shed a clear light over the mountains and valleys. I could distinguish easily enough Mr. Hardy's figure as he lounged past the hotel and then began ascending the path that led away over the bridge. He was smoking, and he never glanced at the hotel. I felt my pulses throb at the sight of him, for in him seemed my world of safety. If he had turned and seen me, I should have hazarded speaking a few words; but he passed on, his cigar in his mouth, his hands in his pockets, apparently scarcely conscious of me or my troubles—sons of Caroline Hallam and hers.

While I was gazing after him I heard the door of my room open and some one enter. It was my sister.

She was half undressed, and her hair fell about her bare shoulders and over her white, round arms.

"What have you told him?" she asked, in a voice that exhaled fear as from sweeping, and standing beside me without glancing at me.

"All that I knew," I answered, boldly. "I did not open myself either, for it seems to me that, proud as you are, Caroline Hallam, she shares prison more on me than on you."

"How do you mean?" she said, after a moment's hesitation.

I did not reply.

"Will you answer me one question plainly?" she went on. "Indeed, you owe it to me," she added, bitterly, "for you have lost me Margaret, or nearly lost him. For when he leaves the truth confided by my father—" she paused—"did me, did you just speak to him of what Madame Palmyre told you, or—"

I looked up at her perplexed.

"I do not understand," I answered; and in truth I did not.

"You will not," Caroline exclaimed, passionately. "Listen, you must answer me, for I am determined to trust no more to Madame's assur-

ances, but to judge for myself. Did you tell Madame your age, and mine?"

"I only told him my own age; he knows yours," I replied.

As I spoke, Caroline stood on me her glowing eyes as if she would read my soul.

"I was surprised," I continued; "for I had always thought you older than myself."

One moment she was silent, then, starting up, she exclaimed, "It is not true—you know you mentioned it to him as proof. You are telling me a lie—a cruel lie. And the position of your beautiful mother that you tried to hide from us—you knew about the date? I was certain of it, and Madame has deceived me."

She clasped her hands as she spoke; she almost wrung them; she seemed beside herself with excitement.

A sudden thought flashed through my mind. Poor Caroline, in her position she betrayed herself. I had never noticed any thing peculiar in the fact that she was two years younger than myself, neither had I particularly measured my mother's position, though I had often read her name written in it, and knew the inscription and date by heart, though it was written in Latin.

A suspicion flashed through my mind like light, and I sent the blood rushing to my head. I saw from my seat almost straggling.

"Ah!" Caroline went on, bitterly, in her position, "you ran not deny it. Madame has deceived me; you are plotting together to deprive me of my inheritance—for it is my birth-right, whatever you, or she, or any one may say, and I will not give it up! Father, indeed; and while papa remains justice to you, what chance have we? Shame—disgrace—misery! Curse him for it! Curse you all for it!"

In the intensity of her rage she fell down on her knees beside the window, hoarsely muttering her dreadful imprecations.

The moonlight fell on her trembling, half-dressed figure. I saw her quivering as if in a death-agony; and, in spite of her hatred, I felt myself drawn to my beautiful, unhappy sister.



"I HAD REACHED THE END OF THE WALK WHEN I CAME STODGERLY ON A GENTLEMAN."

In that moment, I believe if she had had but a single tear, given me but one kind look, I should have knelt beside her, and promised her any sacrifice in this world that she could ask.

Once I uttered the word "Caroline," and moved a step toward her; but she started up and put out her hand to keep me off, so I went back, and we remained together silent for nearly ten minutes—minutes that seemed to me an age. At length she rose from the ground.

"I am a bad hypocrite," she said, more calmly than she had yet spoken; "but I will do my best to believe sincerely toward you still—all at least Madame goes; you will not find it so difficult to act your part. I have no right to ask yours; but if you have any kindness in your nature, you will forgive my father's communications with any one on this subject till Lord Hallam arrives. Mr. Hardy has written to him to return at once from Bordeaux. The alone man judge between us."

She tossed back her hair as she spoke, took up her lamp, and without another word she looked out of the room.

The suspicion that had flashed through my mind was that perhaps, after all, my own mother's marriage had been legitimate, and had taken place previous to that of Caroline's mother. The difficulty in our eyes alone would prove that. Still, as I knew my mother had died soon after my birth, I was puzzled to understand how my uncle could reach Caroline through me, supposing my own birth legitimate. My poor brain contained small store of legal knowledge. I had but dim notions of primogeniture, divorce still of legitimacy; and my angry state would have been much comforted had she known that it was only confusion and trouble that her ambiguous words had served to raise in my mind.

I tried hard to comprehend all that was strange in my history, and all that might be stranger, but I could not get very far; and, in spite of my troubles, the monotonous splash of the cascade without soon produced an overpowering sleepiness; and in a few minutes I was dreaming that Caroline Hallam, in the form of a winged fury, was packing me over the precipitous into the deep ravine where dashed that ever-dwelling cascade.

#### HOUSE DRESS.

UNDER-SKIRT of white gros grain, trimmed with blue velvet. CURTAIN of blue and white striped gros grain, bordered with blue velvet and lined with blue silk, the upper part being turned back as shown. HANGING of orange, with close sheaves of blue and white striped gros grain, trimmed as shown in the illustration with white velveteen and blue velvet. CHILD CLOTH in the hair.

HOUSE DRESS.







## A COURT AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

THE scene represented below is the Court held lately by Queen Victoria at Buckingham Palace. As for an appearance is concerned it might be a Drawing Room; but there is some difference between the two occasions. A Court is held for the reception of the diplomatic and other official ladies, the general scene on the Court list, and other persons having special invitations, the presentation being first in number. A Drawing Room is a larger assembly, analogous to a *Levee*. It is usually the occasion of a large number of presentations, and may be attended besides by all persons already presented who

the youthful diplomat who give such grace to Drawing Room days are but little represented. There is beauty you may be sure; and, apart from the splendor of the dresses, it forms the chief charm of the scene. And if the diplomat is not wanting there is no lack of youth as well as of beauty; charming faces indeed are every where, and the attention does more than the dazzling dresses of their owners. At Drawing Rooms, when people attend reluctantly, presentations are always taken to present some proportion of new being present, as most gentlemen would prefer such an occasion to pay their respects to that of a *Levee*; so gentlemen have a polite invitation to stay away when forming a court of ladies. But here, where most

of being a great deal like the garments which gentlemen are accustomed to put upon their bottoms. Indeed the women have the best of it so far as the splendor is concerned; for the old court dress has none of the luxury of Queen Anne's time and that of the earlier Georges. It belongs to the period, we should say, of the middle of the reign of George III.; and is rather somber than otherwise, except in respect to the valanced waistcoat, which is "fine" in a remote sense of the term, but decidedly ugly to the eye of taste. The new dress is a little formal in cut, but this is a necessity where regulation is imperative; it would never do to have very marked peculiarities of style when the same costume is to be worn by persons of all sizes and

who respectfully but firmly declined to costume himself in the old court style—but now, of course, the President of the Board of Trade has an official uniform, though we are not quite sure that he wears it.

Among the fair owners of the head-dresses, of feathers, blunderbells, and diamonds, the waist, and other elaborations, are, of course, a large number of men in military uniforms—which is after all the most effective of any, if only for the reason that it seems to belong to the warrior.—and not the least gorgeous of these are the Gentlemen-in-Arms, each of whom looks like a field-marshal in his own right, though he bears only the rank of a captain in the army. They are as gay today, as may be supposed, and so



THE ENGLISH COURT—COURT AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

been sent their cards beforehand. St. James's Palace has been usually the scene of these receptions, and these the *Levees* are still held, usually by the Prince of Wales as the representative of Her Majesty, it being carefully noticed in the official Gazette that presentations to the Prince are equivalent to presentations to the Queen. Her Majesty, as every body knows, withdraws herself for some years from attendance of the kind, for a season in which she received the sincere sympathy of her subjects; and even now, when she is happily able to appear once more, she avoids the larger assemblies, which are sometimes held by the Princess of Wales or one of the other Princesses.

A Court is not so "imposing" in some respects as a Drawing Room. The few presentations are principally of an official character, and

presentations are expected to be every body, there is no necessity for the restriction; and the ladies are certainly in no danger of being overshadowed by numbers of the ladies. As regards the latter, we notice one peculiarity: there are few military uniforms there on *Levee* and Drawing Room days, when the number of Her Majesty's forces is just a little in excess. But the dress presents not the less magnificent as appearance on that account. Apart from the foreign costumes, the English official uniforms are splendid enough; and the new general order dress is decidedly more pleasant to the eye than the old style, which, though well represented, is fast giving way to the new fashion sanctioned by authority. One obvious advantage which it possesses is in having something like the garments which gentlemen are accustomed to wear, instead

varieties of figure. There is room, too, for some exercise of the fancy. Private persons—that is to say, persons having no military or official uniform—may wear the colored cloth suit unadorned with gold, or they may adorn themselves in black velvet from head to foot, with white lace at the collar and wrists. The cloth with its ornaments is more gay, but the velvet has the decided advantage in point of dignity and the scholastic appearance which it gives to the wearer. One can fancy Evelyn himself being appropriately clad in a dress of the kind when he wandered through the gallery at Whitehall, and scandalized himself—*from a hole in the corner of "eye"* for his diary—at the luxuriance of Charles II.'s Court. It would have been scarcely gay enough for Evelyn. In our own day it ought to suit even the single state of St. Right,

as the Yonkers of the Guard, in their quaint uniforms of the time of Henry VIII.; and a Guard of Honor of the Coburgs Guards is reviewed in the Court of the Palace.

All these important matters pass under our notice while the even, or is assembling preparatory to entering the Royal Presence. At the appointed hour Her Majesty takes her throne, having been joined by the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Princess Louise, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Christian, and other members of the family, in any number of the Marlborough Drawing Room and the Naval Hall of Duple, with their respective attendants. The scene on the staircase—the company being on their way to the throne-room—is very splendid, as may be seen from the suggestive illustration; and in the throne-room itself it is progress in the sea-



trains. See the lady clad in black, with the coronet of diamonds and sapphires, and the white veil covered with large diamonds also; with the necklace, cross, and brooch of yet more diamonds; on her breast the blue ribbon and the Star of the Order, the Order of Victoria and Albert, and *Lionne of Prussia*, and the *Coburg and Gotha Family Order*. The dignity of her bearing, apart from all the insignia, would pre-

scarcely be surpassed for splendor and costly state. The apartment in which it is entered, too, is well worthy of the occasion—with its gilding, and its crimson draperies. When the two lady and gentleman have passed the throne, Her Majesty enters with her suite, and then there is a movement down stairs, a general call for carriage, and the first reception of the season has fairly come to an end.

and swine address, as any city of Europe has. Although every one, on sharing certain social privations respecting cards and their expenses, can participate in the graces of this court, yet, having heartily entered them, it is not every one that finds it agreeable to continue them; and this fact alone, in the nature of things, as exclusive a barrier as gates of iron would form. For the much whose diverging wings were satisfac-

ing on her thumb, last year outside her glove, but this year has learned what fingers were made for. In fact, what constitutes one a signifier of this court is not intelligence, not beauty, by no means virtue, not at all the possession of gentle blood or of unblemished ancestry, though all these conditions are to be found there, it is true, but simply money and the magnificence of money. None would be made welcome, of course; but



THE ENGLISH COURT—THE STAIRCASE AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

claim her to be the principal personage present.

Of the assembly who approach her a few are presented in form and kiss the Royal hand; the rest pass by Her Majesty in rotation, and file off by a sliding retiring movement from the presence. The ceremony occupies a considerable time, so must be, owing to the huge number of jewelry; and the same during the continuance—as so well represented by the artist—would

#### PERPETUAL MARDI-GRAS.

It is often boasted that in this country—the "home of all the ages"—there is nothing corresponding to the court and court-rings of European courts. So far as the Presidential mansion is concerned, spent at proper times to every body, this is strictly true; but, in other respects, our capital city must be acknowledged to have quite as practical a court, with cabinet, officials,

they enough when flitting over the rainbow-garden at home, tempered by curiosity and the attraction of novelty to the light, fresh world, in the flow of gay and among the splendid wings of more fortunate butlers, a better and slayer little thing, glad to take refuge once more in obscurity; and if the Queen of Sheba herself were to visit the scene, is other than often seen, she would be most quietly yet made to leave of the court's wife who, year before last, were her daughter

the wealth whose age is twenty years older; and, though jewels must be obtained, haste is made by all concerned to gift them. And where the comeliness of diamonds, and the point de France, and the cross and equestrian and medal, and the velvet and satin and caracaras of false curls come from only those can say who know the meaning of white-rings, Indian-consumers, head-manipulations, and railroad-entailments. When one of the gorgeous creatures of the





